

hold of the bee with an intention of killing it, but the little insect darted out its sting so violently, that it pierced through the glove.



Master Wrench, on feeling the pain, shrieked out, when a gentleman, who had stood observing him, told him, he was glad the bee had made him feel some degree of the pain he delighted in inflicting. How long, said

said he, have you been pleasing yourself with hurting these poor creatures, who cannot return the injury. Yet you were so much afraid of suffering pain, that you did not meddle with the bee, till you thought yourself guarded against its hurting you. Even the bee would not have stung you unprovoked, and why should you destroy this insect, which is more truly useful than twenty such boys as Billy Wrench? Could you not have brushed it lightly off? Do you think these other creatures can't feel pain, because they don't cry and shriek as you do? For shame, leave off crying, or cry because you have hurt others much more than *you* are hurt, and determine for the future to be as careful to avoid giving pain, as you would be in escaping any suffering yourself.

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